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On the much Lamented **DEATH** of Mr. *Aaron Crossly*, Herald-Painter of **DUBLIN**, Who Departed this Life, on *Friday* the First of this Instant *October*, 1725.

How few Surviving Mortals warning take,
By those, who daily their last Exit make;
How few observe those Victims of pale Death,
Who with short warning Resign mortal Breath;
And by the Wrecks of Fate, are made so Wise,
To stand prepar'd to meet with Death's surprize;
Among those happy few, with timely Care,
For the last Tragick Scene of Life prepare;
Who always ready stand, to yield their Breath,
And pass secure, the Gloomy Realms of Death;
With Them, the worthy *Crossly* did appear,
So well He Liv'd, Grim Death He did not fear;
He was prepar'd, to meet with a Surprize,
And now in Glory shines above the Skies;
But all who knew His Worth, lament His fall,
And with just Grief adorn His Funeral;
Tho' *Crossly* was not far from Nature's Date,
We wish'd Him longer in His mortal State;
Remorseless Death; why did you seize the Man,
Whose Art did make magnificent thy Train;
Who mournful Trophies, to thy Honour Rais'd,
And with dumb Heraldry, Dead Nobles prais'd;
Whose skillful Hand with admirable Art,
Blazon'd Atchievements Right, in every part;
Display'd the Honours of the Rich and Great,
And their last Earthly Glories, made compleat;
Who made, O Death! thy Dismal Scenes more Bright,
Thy Solemn Pomp, so pleasing to the sight;
That gazing Eyes, were on thy Grandeur fixt,
And mourning with delight, He sweetly mixt;
His pleasant Vein, He prudently Express'd,
And light'ned Sorrow with a harmless Jest;
When *Crossly* you remov'd, you took a Man,
Did Heraldry's Prerogatives maintain;
Who did that noble Science, so refine,
In full perfection, it does Glorious Shine;
The Man survives not, who can Him Transcend,
And that His Envy'd Fame might never End;

He by *Hibernia's* Peerage shall be known;
A Man of Merit, worthy of Renown;
That Labour'd useful Work, shall Fate defy,
Ingenious *Crossly's* Name, shall never Dye;
For to Defend the Truth, no Pains He spar'd,
Before Superiors, Dauntless He Appear'd;
His honest Cause, did all His Foes Disgrace,
And Justify'd, His Actions to their Face;
This Man, O Death, in Merit Eminent,
Thy Herald-Painter, *Crossly*, Thou hast sent;
To share Eternal Bliss, for which good Act,
No more we blame Thee, for this Tragic Fact;
But decent Grief is Due, and we will Mourn,
His Children, Friends, and Spouse, with Tears Adorn:
His Obsequies; who by kind Actions prov'd,
His Children, Friends, and Spouse, He truly Lov'd;
Shou'd this Lamenting Bard, His Virtues Trace,
That did the Husband, Friend, and Father Grace;
And them, with all His known Perfections Join,
In a large Volumn, they admir'd might Shine;
May *Crossly's*, Lovely Character Excite,
Some Gen'rous Bard, who can Sublimely Write;
That the just Tribute to His Mem'ry Due,
In his bright Character, all Eyes may View.

The **EPITAPH**

HERE *Crossly* Rests, for Heraldry Renown'd,
With Solid Knowledge, and bright Virtues Crown'd;
His Worthy Actions, shall Embalm His Name,
Time, Death, nor Envy, cannot blast His Fame;
Whilst He Surviv'd, His Monument he Rais'd,
More than Rich Tombs, His Peerage shall be Prai-

s'd.